

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

AT this important era in our labours—the commencement of a second volume, and of a separate impression for the Kingdom of Ireland—we assume the liberty of saying a few words regarding ourselves.

The JOURNAL was commenced, February 4, 1832, with nothing in its favour but a little experience in popular literature, joined to great ardour of purpose, on the part of the individuals connected with it. Since then—without any of the usual expedients for facilitating the circulation of literature—without puffing—almost without advertising—by the sheer force, apparently, of its own applicability to the wants and tastes of the public—the work has reached an extent of circulation far beyond that of any periodical work, consisting of letter-press alone, that ever existed. Some facts in the history of such a publication may be received with some degree of interest by the public.

The sale of the first twelve numbers of the JOURNAL was confined in a great measure to Scotland; and the quantity then printed (including a portion designed for the supply of future demands) was thirty-one thousand. At the thirteenth number, an impression was commenced in London, which soon very nearly doubled the previous amount of sales. The eight ensuing numbers were printed both in England and Scotland, from forms of types respectively set up in London and Edinburgh, which necessarily induced the risk of printing a few additional thousands, to be reserved as stock. But at the twenty-first publication, it was resolved to use stereotype plates, so that the impressions might in both cases be limited to the immediate demand, leaving all future necessities to be supplied exactly as they arose. From the types set up under the care of the Editors at Edinburgh, were then cast two sets of plates, one of which was regularly transmitted on a particular day to London, where it was used instead of separate forms of types: by which means, the Editors might be said to have the advantage of supervising both editions; the risk of superfluous stock was avoided; and yet the whole expense of the two sets of plates was less than what had previously been paid for the double composition of the types. When the system had fully taken effect, the united sale of the two editions approached fifty thousand, and it is still increasing in both countries, to a degree which, though not perhaps warranting the expectation of a much greater advance, is the best possible assurance to the Editors that the general success of the work is of a steady and permanent character.

Very soon after the commencement of the work, intelligence reached the Editors that a regular reprint of the principal articles in the JOURNAL was executed at New York. What success attended this scheme has not been learned; but, since then, the Editors have had repeated applications from different colonies of Great Britain, especially Canada and the West Indies, respecting a reprint in those places, by stereotype plates or otherwise, though, from various circumstances, no such arrangement has as yet been found practicable. As in some measure compensating this disappointment, the Editors have been given to understand that innumerable copies find their way, through the kindness of friends, to individuals in almost all the dependencies of Great Britain, even in the remote fur settlements of North America. It is also a circumstance in no small degree satisfactory, that, with the present publication, commences an independent impression for Ireland, by the use of a set of stereotype plates, taken, like the others, from the types set up under the immediate care of the Editors, and which are subjected to the press by Messrs Curry and Company of Dublin. The work is now, therefore, si-

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multaneously printed and published in each of the three capitals of the United Kingdom; a circumstance for which there is no parallel in the annals of letters.

In seeking to analyse the merits of this success, we must acknowledge in the very outset that the grand cause has been the unusually large space of paper and print in reference to the price; an idea for which we were indebted to certain works with less pretensions to originality, and others which endeavoured to minister to the less worthy passions of the multitude. As the circumstance may afterwards become matter of notice and dispute, we think it proper to claim, on this occasion, the merit of having first attempted a publication in which original and respectable literature was conveyed at the minimum of price, for the use of the people at large. To prove our claims, we request an inspection of dates, by which it will be found that we commenced several months before the Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and still longer before the other respectable publications of the same kind, which have paid us the compliment of adopting our plan, and now divide with us the public attention. Whatever honour, therefore, may hereafter be thought due to the discoverer of a mode of circulating knowledge on so vast a scale, must fall indisputably to the originators of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

If this priority has already secured to us a success far distancing our imitators, we trust that the public will generally allow that we have not reposed upon that advantage alone, but have fairly and honourably exerted ourselves to give it permanence and real desert, by the intrinsic value of the articles successively composed for our work. It is, we have too much reason to suspect, a prevailing impression, that the most part of our work is borrowed, without acknowledgment, from various sources—as if it could not be believed that so many original articles of fancy, observation, and science, could be given for such a small sum of money. But we can assure the reader, that, in every instance where not otherwise expressed, the article is an original composition, prepared by the Editors themselves, or under their direction, and expressly designed and fashioned for appearing in our pages. The superior success which has attended our efforts, instead of placing us at our ease respecting the material of our work, has only incited us to attempt, and enabled us to achieve, its improvement; so that, in some of the late numbers, there have been original compositions, by nearly as many different writers as what generally go to the composition of an ordinary magazine.* While it is obvious that this could only be done, with advantage to those concerned, after a very high degree of success had been attained, it must be equally obvious to the public, that, in no work of inferior circulation, and of the same price, is there any chance of a quantity of reading being found equal in value to what we are enabled to present; a result, simply, of that near approximation of the manufacturer's price to that of the retailer, which an extensive and regular sale, unattended by extra expense, has enabled us to bring into force, to a degree infinitely beyond what has ever been known in literature—where, on the contrary, there has always been a greater difference between the cost of production and the sale price than in any other branch of manufacture.

In addition to all considerations of increased and increasing literary strength, the other principles upon

* In No. 49—which, at the time we write, is the last publication—there were seven writers employed—almost all of them men of such practice and experience in letters, as to be able to maintain themselves by the labours of their pens.

which the JOURNAL has hitherto stood, will be rigidly adhered to in time coming, so that no shock may be given, on the part of its conductors, to a system so promising of ultimate advantage, in the cultivation and improvement of the national mind. The work is perfectly universal in its principles, and such it shall continue to be. In looking back over the labours of the past year, the Editors feel assured that there is not to be detected a single passage by which any individual or body could be considered as injured, whether in respect of religious, political, or simply moral feeling. If great power has been placed in the hands of the Editors, it certainly has, in no case, been used in an unworthy spirit: no attempt has been made, either directly or indirectly, to depreciate the efforts of our neighbours; no effort has been made to convert a great engine, properly destined for mankind at large, into a vehicle for the petulant fancies of an individual, or the narrow views of a partisan in science, politics, or letters; and, above all, we have indulged in none of that endless, meaningless flippancy, respecting ourselves and our productions, which, in many other periodical works of higher pretension, has given so much offence to good taste. Every article has been presented as a distinct thing, speaking for itself, either as a body of information on a certain point, or as a picture of real or fictitious life; and, while periodical works in general are chiefly composed of what may be called a *literature upon a literature*—like the commentators of the period of the revival of letters, with their huge tomes upon the classics—the Journal has aimed at giving an *original and independent literature*, with however humble pretensions to merit. In the whole range of our pages, there has hardly been a word about what Goldsmith calls "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" all has been plain, downright, substantial matter, generally based upon the broadest human interests, and depending for its effect solely upon its own merits. Though sensible, moreover, that we might have extended our circulation very much, especially out of Scotland, by the introduction of pictorial embellishments, we have stood steadfast upon letter-press alone, addressing our readers through their understandings, rather than their senses, and thereby making certainly a far less direct appeal to the mass of the public than what is made by the only respectable work which exceeds our own in circulation.

Many attempts are made by the newspapers, from time to time, to hold up the EDINBURGH JOURNAL, and all other works of the same kind, as illegal publications, in so far as they evade the payment of the newspaper duty. An ingenious plan is adopted for giving this false imputation an appearance of truth: the works which the newspapers in reality wish to depreciate are always confounded with the desperate trash, which, in open defiance of the laws, issue weekly dissertations on political events without the use of stamps. We hold this to be an exceedingly unworthy trick on the part of the newspaper press; for, though it is certainly a hardship for them to be competed with by unstamped political pasquils, they have no reason to complain of other papers, which are exclusively literary, and sedulously avoid every allusion whatsoever to the passing time. Of this latter description is our JOURNAL—which, in reality, is prevented from being in the remotest degree a newspaper, by its being necessarily set up in types about a month before its publication. The small price of the work has in other instances procured us sneers for which there is but a very unsubstantial ground. Even if it were allowable to estimate literature by the price connected with it—which certainly is not allowable, otherwise the heaviest three

guinea quatuor would throw the cleverest half-crown magazines completely into the shade—it is only in respect of single copies that the work could be termed humble. Take the JOURNAL in the aggregate, and, even upon the contemptible principle of those who talk of a cheap publication, as if cheapness were a stigma, it would probably exceed the fortune, or extent of business, of ninety-nine out of every hundred who expose in that manner their own illiberality. The number of sheets annually circulated by the Scottish newspapers—thirty-five in number, and many of them published twice and three times in the week—is 1,733,500. The number issued by the publishers of the JOURNAL is 2,600,000, exclusive of the HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, which would increase the amount to within a little of three millions! The paper annually used by the JOURNAL amounts to 5416 reams, weighing about 130,000 pounds, and paying about £1,1000 to government as duty; and it is exceedingly probable that, in a short time, the Irish circulation will add, at least, a fourth to these computations. If cheapness, or, to use better phraseology, the minimum of price—the perfection of every manufacturing system—secures results so brilliant as this, speaking commercially—but, speaking morally, results so likely to elevate the character of the British nations—who would not stoop, in such a case, that he might conquer?

NATURAL HISTORY.

MONKEY TRIBES.—BATS.

IN a former article, we stated, that of all animals, the Chimpanzé, in conformation, approached nearest to that of man; and that this physical similitude had led many to suppose that Man himself was an improved race of one of these beasts. We have, however, we hope, satisfactorily shown how absurd is such an opinion.

Crawford, in his "Mission to Ava," mentions a human individual whom he saw in that country, who bore strong marks of quadrumanal descent, in as much as he was covered with hair from head to foot, and whose history is not less remarkable than that of the extraordinary Porcupine Men, who excited so much curiosity in England and other parts of Europe about a century ago.

The hair of the face of this singular hairy man of Ava, the ears included, is very shaggy, and about eight inches long; on the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. This curious being has a remarkable peculiarity in the number of his teeth, namely, being entirely divested of those called the molars, or grinders.

This individual is a native of the Shan country, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen or Martaban river; he was presented to the King of Ava as a curiosity, by the Prince of that country. At Ava he married a Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters—the eldest resembling her mother, and the youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only it is white, or fair, whereas his is now dark brown, or black, having, however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exception mentioned, both the father and mother are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, are rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the king to the residence of the Mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

These singular beings will no doubt increase, if allowed to marry, and establish a race of monsters like themselves; for we find that peculiarities of animal structure are frequently carried down through successive generations. And we have no doubt, but, by a union of two beings thus provided with natural clothing, that their whole progeny would be like themselves.

Monkeys and their congeners are a vast tribe, consisting of many species, out of which modern naturalists have formed a number of distinct genera. There is scarcely a country in tropical climates that does not swarm with them, and hardly a forest that has not vast troops of distinct species. All the species smaller than the baboon have less power of doing mischief, and their ferocity diminishes with their size. In their native woods they are the pests of other animals, and the masters of the forests where they reside; the tiger nor the lion will not venture to dispute dominion with creatures, who, from the tops of trees, with impunity carry on an offensive war, and by their agility escape all pursuit. Even birds have not less to fear from their depredations, as they seem to have a delight in pillaging and tearing to pieces their nests. Many species of birds, with an intelligent foresight, construct their nests either at the very pinnacle of a tree, or suspended at the tip of one of the most tender branches, so as to prevent the prying intrusion of monkeys. The only animals of the forest which venture to oppose them, are serpents. Large snakes often wind up the trees, and surprise them while they are asleep, when they fall victims to their superior strength, and are speedily devoured. Monkeys generally inhabit the higher parts of trees, while snakes cling to the branches near the bottom; in this manner they are near each other, like enemies in the same field of battle. Some supposed that their vicinity rather argued mutual friendship, which is by no means the case. Lalat says he has seen them playing their gambols upon those branches on which snakes were reposing, and dexterously jumping over them without receiving any injury. They provoke snakes in the same manner as sparrows twitter at a cat.

The dexterity in passing from one tree to another, noticed in our last paper on this subject, is common to the whole tribe.

In April 1828, a dog-faced baboon (the *Semia hamadryas* of Linnæus) died in the Tower Menagerie of London, after having attracted a great deal of attention during his residence in that establishment, not only on account of his extraordinary resemblance to humanity in form and appearance, but also in his manners and habits. The right arm, in particular, exhibited a singular similitude to the corresponding part of the human figure; so much so, indeed, that had it not been for its hairy covering, and the somewhat unusual length of the fingers, the eye at least might have almost mistaken it for a portion of some brawny blacksmith, or hero of the ring. This baboon, we understand, used at all events to brandish his pot of porter by its assistance, in a style that would have done honour to a lord of the creation, and would swill it off, apparently with quite a human relish. His attentions to a dog that used to be a frequent visitor at his cage, were in the very finest style of dignified patronising. Nor did this little favourite of his seem to recognise any difference between the pat of his brother quadruped's paw and that of the whiter-skinned and shorter-fingered animal. This jolly toper, however, sunk under the effects of a confirmed dropsy, caused, no doubt, by his plentiful potations, with which, we understand, he was too liberally indulged.

In common with man, quadrupeds can easily acquire a taste for liquors. It is well known that the elephant forms an ardent liking for wine, ale, ginger beer, and even brandy. The horse, also, has been frequently known to relish these luxuries. Indeed, there is hardly a horse that will not drink ale freely. Dogs have frequently been taught to take ardent spirits. We have one in our possession, who drinks punch out of a wine-glass. We remember many years ago to have seen at Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, a jackdaw who had contracted a liking for whisky. He belonged to Mr William Wright, a publican, where he had frequent opportunities of tasting John Barley-corn; and we saw him on one occasion indulge in it to intoxication. It was amusing to see him with his wings drooping, their tips dragging along the ground, while he staggered from side to side, and all but losing his equilibrium, with his eyes half-closed by the nictitating membrane. At length, however, poor Jack fell like a Dutchman *bottom-over-top*, and lay motionless, having sunk into that death-like sleep which a superabundance of fermented or spirituous liquors always produce on the animal system. His feet were extended, and Mr Wright thought his favourite, if not dead, was certain to give up the ghost without awaking. He was rolled in flannel, and placed in a closet. Next morning, when the door was opened, Jack was ready to sound a retreat, and ran to the back door, so that he might allay his thirst in a stone basin, from which the domestic fowls drank.

Having given a rapid sketch of the monkeys in general, we shall now turn to the second family of four-handed animals, which Cuvier has ranked under the general name of LEMURS. The characters of these animals consist in their general form approaching to that of quadrupeds, properly so called; their cutting-teeth being in both jaws, as regards number, form, and situation, like monkeys, while their nostrils are placed at the extremity of the muzzle; their posterior limbs are longer than those before, and the first finger of the hind feet, next the thumb, is terminated by a sharp turned-up nail; they have either two or four tails, which are placed in the breast; and when they have a tail, it is not hanging.

This family, according to Cuvier, consists of seven genera, namely, *Indris*, *Lemur*, *Loris*, *Nycticebus*, *Gallago*, *Tarsius*, and *Cheiromys*. Amongst these, one of the most curious is the Macaco, or Ruffed Lemur, which inhabits the woods of Madagascar, and some other of the Indian islands. Its voice is uncommonly keen and sharp, which it exercises frequently in the manner of the Preacher Monkey. Lemurs are sociable animals, generally of very peaceable dispositions, without malice, or mischief of any kind; and in this respect very unlike their congeners, the tricky and petulant monkeys.

An absurd opinion has long prevailed that the Ruffed Lemur has an obscure notion of the existence of a Supreme Being, to whom he pays adoration. The circumstance which has given rise to this improbable notion is rather of a singular nature. Several acute observers have remarked, that these animals place themselves opposite to the sun, and appear to admire or rejoice at the sight of it. It is said they invariably sit down and stretch out their hands while they direct their eyes to this luminary; and also to turn themselves towards it at its rising and setting, as well as at several other times in the course of the day, and in this situation to continue for whole hours together. We have the most positive assurance of Sonnini as to this fact.

It would be difficult to account for this remarkable practice, except by supposing that it is of a very chilly constitution, and, therefore, wishes to warm himself with the genial rays of the sun. We are informed by Buffon, that he kept a Ruffed Lemur for several years while in Burgundy, and that he always sat close by the fire, and stretched out his arms towards it, like a human being, to warm himself.

The whole of this family are inhabitants of tropical climates.

The next animals which demand our attention are those of the third order of Cuvier's arrangement, viz. the CHEIROPTERA, which includes all the numerous tribe of Bats. Their general form is disposed for flight, their cutting-teeth are variable in number, their canine teeth more or less strong, and their grinders sometimes covered with points, and sometimes furrowed lengthways; they have a fold of skin between their arms and legs and the fingers of the fore-feet; they have two teats on the breast, and very strong collar-bones; their fore-arms are not capable of rotation.

The first family of this tribe is termed Galeopithecus by Cuvier, or the Flying Lemur of Linnæus' system. The habits of these animals are yet but imperfectly known. They hang suspended by their hind-legs to the branches of trees, and feed on insects, and, in all probability, on small birds, for which nature has fitted them, from the carnivorous character of their teeth. These animals move on the ground with great difficulty, but climb trees with much facility, and spring from the branches of one to those of another with surprising dexterity, supported in the air by the extension of a large membrane, by which their body is invested, even to the points of the toes. One of the species is nearly as large as a domestic cat; and it may well be wondered that so large an animal should be enabled to float a distance of thirty-five to forty feet through the atmosphere, and be able to alight on a branch, and have the power to sustain itself after so violent an action. But they have collar-bones of very great strength, which give them much strength in the fore-arms. They feed by night, and suspend themselves by their hind-feet to branches of trees, like bats, during the day.

The second family of this order are the *Vespertilion*es, or Bats. Modern naturalists have divided these into many genera. The most remarkable of these are the various species which go under the common appellation of Vampyres. One of the most frightful of these is the Spectre Vampire, *Phyllostoma spectrum*. It is the largest of the bat tribe, and inhabits South America and some islands of the Pacific Ocean. The length of its body is six inches, and with extended wings exceeding two feet.

We are informed by De Coudamine, that these bats suck the blood of horses, mules, and men. He says, that, in his time at Bozia, and several other places, they had destroyed the breed of great cattle, which were introduced there by the missionaries. Foster says, that, in the Friendly Islands, they swarm like bees, and that clusters of from four to five hundred of them may be seen suspended from trees, by their hind-feet principally, although a few hang by their fore-feet.

Captain Stedman states, that, while in Surinam, he awoke about four o'clock one morning, and was considerably alarmed by finding himself weltering in congealed blood, and was unable to account for this, as he felt no pain whatever. "The mystery," says he, "was, that I had been bitten by the vampire, or spectre of Guiana, which is also called the flying-dog of New Spain; and, by the Spaniards, *perrovolador*. This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle, while they are fast asleep, even, sometimes, till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fawning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small, indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is, consequently, not painful; yet, through this orifice, he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly, and the sufferer has often been known to pass from time to eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes, as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and hammock, I observed several heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain, upon the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least fourteen ounces of blood."

The following amusing account of these animals is recorded by a recent traveller in South America:—

"Some years ago," says Mr Waterton, "I went to the river Paumaron, with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung in hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. 'What is the matter, Sir?' said I, softly; 'is anything amiss?' 'What's the matter?' answered he, surlily; 'why, the vampyres have been sucking me to death.' As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock—'See, how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood.' On examining his foot, I found the vampire had *tapped* his great toe. There was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech. The blood was still oozing from it. I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour, by remarking, that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have bled him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did

not say a word. I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity."

The common European bat spends the winter in a torpid state, in some dark hole, suspended by one of its feet. During this condition the circulation of the blood is so slow, that its motion is hardly perceptible. The powers of its digestive functions are totally suspended. In this state the bat continues, till insects are let loose from their auricular condition by the general warmth of the vernal sun; when he may again be seen pursuing his predatory habits on these tribes.

There are some instances recorded of bats having been found inclosed in situations where they must have remained in a torpid condition for many years, like the toad. We may mention one of these. A man employed in splitting timber near Kinsall, Cheshire, in the beginning of December 1826, discovered, in the centre of a large pear-tree, a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which he suffered to escape, from fear, being fully persuaded that it was not a being of this world. The tree presented a cavity in which the bat was inclosed, but was perfectly solid and sound all around. A similar instance is mentioned of one having been seen at Haining, in Selkirkshire.

Bats frequently fly abroad, with their young attached to their teats, which has been observed by many naturalists, and among these, Sir William Jardine.

THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

(The following story, abridged from the clever work entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," gives an exceedingly affecting picture of the life of a poor scholar in Ireland, who, in his pursuit of learning, underwent the severest privations, and became an object of tyranny to the master of whom he was a pupil.)

"THERE is no country on the earth (says the author) in which either education, or the desire to procure it, is so much revered as in Ireland. Next to the claims of the priest and schoolmaster come those of the poor scholar for the respect of the people. It matters not how poor or how miserable he may be; so long as they see him struggling with poverty in the prosecution of a purpose so laudable, they will treat him with attention and kindness. Here there is no danger of his being sent to the workhouse, committed as a vagrant—or passed from parish to parish, until he reaches his own settlement. Here the humble lad is not met by the sneer of purse-proud insolence, or his simple tale answered only by the frown of heartless contempt. No—no—no. The best bit and sup are placed before him; and whilst his poor but warm-hearted entertainer can afford only potatoes and salt to his own half-starved family, he will make a struggle to procure something better for the poor scholar; 'Because he's far from his own, the crathur! An' sure the intintion in him is good, any how; the Lord prosper him, an' every one that has the heart set upon the larnin'!"

Jemmy McEvoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballysogarth, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middleman. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable for the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh. The morning came: it was dark and cloudy, but calm, and without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity, which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—"It's right," said he, "that we should all go to our knees, and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intintion. He won't thrive the worse because the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endayvours."

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose, and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending. When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his eyes, craved humbly and meekly the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out

a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbours who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and, first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education.

The poor scholar, in the course of his journey, had the satisfaction of finding himself an object of kind and hospitable attention to his countrymen. His satchel of books was literally a passport to their hearts. For instance, as he wended his solitary way, depressed and travel-worn, he was frequently accosted by labourers from behind a ditch on the road-side, and, after giving a brief history of the object he had in view, brought, if it was dinner-hour, to some farmhouse or cabin, where he was made to partake of their meal. Many, in fact, were the little marks of kindness and attention which the poor lad received on his way. Sometimes a ragged peasant, if he happened to be his fellow traveller, would carry his satchel so long as they traveled together; or a carman would give him a lift on his empty car; or some humorous postilion, or tipsy 'shay boy,' with a comical leer in his eye, would shove him into his vehicle.

Arriving at Munster, Jemmy, by the kindness of the curate, was introduced to the master of a school in the most favourable manner. He returned that day to his lodgings, and the next morning, with his Latin Grammar under his arm, he went to school to taste the first bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge. On entering it, which he did with a beating heart, he found the despot of a hundred subjects sitting behind a desk, with his hat on, a brow superciliously severe, and his nose crimped into a most cutting and vinegar curl. The truth was, the master knew the character of the curate, and felt, that, because he had taken Jemmy under his protection, no opportunity remained for him of fleeing the boy, under the pretence of securing his money, and that, consequently, the arrival of the poor scholar would be no windfall, as he had expected. When Jemmy entered, he looked first at the master; but the master, who verified the proverb that there are none so blind as those who will not see, took no notice whatsoever of him. The boy then looked timidly about the school in quest of a friendly face, and, indeed, few faces except friendly ones were turned upon him.

The master now made inquiry how he was to be paid for the education he was to confer, and Jemmy explained that he had money to pay for two years. 'Now, I persave you have decency,' said the bare-faced knave. 'Here is your task. Get that half page by heart. You have a cute look, and I've no doubt but the stuff's in you. Come to me after dismissal, 'til we have a little talk together.' Jemmy was, however, put on his guard by a boy named Thady; and so he was prepared against the designs of the master. During school-hours that day, many a warm-hearted urchin entered into conversation with the poor scholar; some moved by curiosity to hear his brief and simple history; others anxious to offer him a temporary asylum in their fathers' houses; and several of them to know if he had the requisite books, assuring him that if he had not, they would lend them to him. These proofs of artless generosity touched the homeless youth's heart the more acutely, in as much as he could perceive but too clearly that the eye of the master rested upon him from time to time with no auspicious glance. When the scholars dismissed, a scene occurred which was calculated to produce a smile, although it certainly placed the poor scholar in a predicament by no means agreeable. It resulted from a contest among the boys as to who should first bring him home. A battle ensued, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a little pair of fists present that were not at work, either on behalf of the two first combatants, or with a view to determine their own private rights in being the first to exercise hospitality towards the amazed poor scholar. The fact was, that while the two largest boys were arguing the point, about thirty or forty minor disputes all ran parallel to theirs, and their mode of decision was immediately adopted by the pugnacious urchins of the school. In this manner they were engaged, poor Jemmy attempting to tranquilize and separate them, when the master, armed in all his terrors, presented himself.

With the tact of a sly old disciplinarian, he first secured the door, and instantly commenced the agreeable task of promiscuous castigation. Heavy and vindictive did his arm descend upon those whom he suspected to have cautioned the boy against his rapacity; nor amongst the warm-hearted lads whom he thwacked so cunningly, was Thady passed over with a tender hand. Springs, bouncings, doublings, blowing of fingers, scratching of heads, and rubbing of elbows—shouts of pain, and doleful exclamations, accompanied by action that displayed surpassing agility—marked the effect with which he plied the instrument of punishment. In the meantime, the spirit of reaction, to use a modern phrase, began to set in. The master, while thus engaged in dispensing justice, first received a rather vigorous thwack on the ear from behind, by an anonymous contributor, who gifted him with what is called a musical ear, for it sang during five minutes afterwards. The monarch, when turning round to ascertain the traitor, received another insult on the most indefensible side, and that with a cordiality of

manner that induced him to send his right hand a reconnoitring the invaded part. He wheeled round a second time with more alacrity than before; but nothing less than the head of Janus could have secured him on the occasion. The anonymous contributor sent him a fresh article. This was supported by another kick behind; the turf began to fly; one after another came in contact with his head and shoulders so rapidly, that he found himself, instead of being the assailant, actually placed upon his defence. The insurrection spread, the turf flew more thickly; his subjects closed in upon him in a more compact body; every little fist itched to be at him; the larger boys boldly laid in the facers, punched him in the stomach, treated him most opprobriously behind, every kick and cuff accompanied by a memento of his cruelty; in short, they compelled him, like Charles the Tenth, ignominiously to fly from his dominions.

On finding the throne vacant, some of them suggested that it ought to be overturned altogether. Thady, however, who was the ringleader of the rebellion, persuaded them to be satisfied with what they had accomplished, and consequently succeeded in preventing them from destroying the fixtures.

Again they surrounded the poor scholar, who, feeling himself the cause of the insurrection, appeared an object of much pity. Such was his grief that he could scarcely reply to them. Their consolation on witnessing his distress was overwhelming; they desired him to think nothing of it; if the master, they told him, should wreak his resentment on him, 'be the holy farmer, they would pay the master.' Thady's claim was now undisputed; with only the injury of a black eye, and a lip swelled to the size of a sausage, he walked home in triumph, the poor scholar accompanying him.

The master, who feared that this open contempt of his authority, running up as it did into a very unpleasant species of retaliation, was something like a signal for him to leave the parish, felt rather more of the penitent the next morning than did any of his pupils. He was by no means displeased, therefore, to see them drop in about the usual hour. They came, however, not one by one, but in compact groups, each officered by two or three of the larger boys; for they feared that had they entered singly, he might have punished them singly, until his vengeance should be satisfied. It was by bitter and obstinate struggles that they succeeded in repressing their mirth, when he appeared at his desk with one of his eyes literally closed, and his nose considerably improved in size and richness of colour. When they were all assembled, he hemmed several times, and in a woe-begone tone of voice, split—by a feeble attempt at maintaining authority, and suppressing his terrors—into two parts that jarred most ludicrously, he briefly addressed them as follows:

'Gentlemen classics—I have been now twenty-six years engaged in the propagation of Latin and Greek literature, in conjunction with mathematics, but never until yesterday has my influence been spurned; never until yesterday have sacrilegious hands been laid upon my person; never until yesterday have I been kicked—insidiously, ungallantly, and treacherously kicked—by my own subjects. No, gentlemen—and whether I ought to bestow that respectable epithet upon you after yesterday's proceedings, is a matter which admits of dispute—never before has the lid of my eye been laid drooping, and that in such a manner that I must be blind to the conduct of half my pupils, whether I will or not. No king can consider himself properly such, until after he has received the oil of consecration; but you, it appears, think differently. You have unkinged me first, and anointed me afterwards; but I say, no potentate would relish such unktion. It smells confoundedly of republicanism. Maybe this is what you understand by the Republic of Letters; but if it be, I would advise you to change your principles. You treated my ribs as if they were the ribs of a common man; my shins you took liberties with even to excoriation; my head you made a target for your hardest turf; and my nose you dishonoured to my face. Was this generous? was it discreet? was it subordinate? and, above all, was it classical? However, I will show you what greatness of mind is; I will convince you that it is more noble and god-like to forgive an injury, or rather five dozen injuries, than to avenge one; when—hem—yes, I say, when I—might so easily avenge it. I now present you with an amnesty; return to your allegiance; but never, while in this siminary, under my tuition, attempt to take the execution of the laws into your own hands. Homerians, come up?"

This address, into which he purposely threw a dash of banter and mock gravity, delivered with the accompaniments of his swelled nose and drooping eye, pacified his audience more readily than a serious one would have done. It was received without any reply or symptom of disrespect, unless the occasional squeak of a suppressed laugh, or the visible shaking of many sides with inward convulsions, might be termed such.

In the course of the day, it is true, their powers of maintaining gravity were put to a severe test, particularly when, while hearing a class, he began to adjust his drooping eyelid, or coax back his nose into its natural position. On these occasions a sudden pause might be noticed in the business of the class; the boy's voice who happened to read at the time would fail him; and on resuming his sentence by command of the master, it's tone was tremulous, and scarcely adequate to the task of repeating the words without his bursting into laughter. The master observed all this

clearly enough, but his mind was already made up to take no further notice of what had happened.

All this, however, conduced to render the situation of the poor scholar much more easy, or rather less penal, than it would otherwise have been. Still the innocent lad was on all possible occasions a butt for this miscreant. To miss a word was a pretext for giving him a cruel blow. To arrive two or three minutes later than the appointed hour was certain on his part to be attended with immediate punishment. Jemmy bore it all with silent heroism. He shed no tear—he uttered no remonstrance; but, under the anguish of pain so barbarously inflicted, he occasionally looked round upon his schoolfellows with an expression of silent entreaty that was seldom lost upon them. Cruel to him the master often was, but to inhuman barbarity the large scholars never permitted him to descend. Whenever any of the wealthier farmers' sons had neglected their lessons, or deserved chastisement, the mercenary creature substituted a joke for the birch; but as soon as the son of a poor man, or, which was better still, the poor scholar, came before him, he transferred that punishment which the wickedness or idleness of respectable boys deserved, to his or their shoulders. For this outrageous injustice the hard-hearted old villain had some plausible excuse ready, so that it was in many cases difficult for Jemmy's generous companions to interfere in his behalf, or parry the sophistry of such a petty tyrant.

In this miserable way did he pass over the tedious period of a year, going about every night in rotation with the scholars, and severely beaten on all possible occasions by the master. His conduct and manners won him the love and esteem of all except his tyrant instructor. His assiduity was remarkable, and his progress in the elements of English and classical literature surprisingly rapid. This added considerably to his character, and procured him additional respect. It was not long until he made himself useful and obliging to all the boys beneath his standing in the school. These services he rendered with an air of such kindness, and a grace so naturally winning, that the attachment of his schoolfellows increased towards him from day to day. Thady was his patron on all occasions: neither did the curate neglect him. The latter was his banker, for the boy had very properly committed his purse to his keeping. At the expiration of every quarter, the schoolmaster received the amount of his bill, which he never failed to send in when due.

Jemmy had not, during his first year's residence in the south, forgotten to request the kind curate's interference with the landlord, on behalf of his father. To be the instrument of restoring his family to their former comfortable holding under Colonel B—, would have afforded him, without excepting the certainty of his own eventual success, the highest gratification. Of this, however, there was no hope, and nothing remained for him but assiduity in his studies, and patience under the merciless scourge of his teacher. In addition to an engaging person and agreeable manners, nature had gifted him with a high order of intellect, and great powers of acquiring knowledge. The latter he applied to the business before him with indefatigable industry. The school at which he settled was considered the first in Munster; and the master, notwithstanding his known severity, stood high, and justly so, in the opinion of the people, as an excellent classical and mathematical scholar. Jemmy applied himself to the study of both, and at the expiration of his second year had made such progress, that he stood without a rival in the school.

It is usual, as we have said, for the poor scholar to go night after night in rotation with his schoolfellows; he is particularly welcome in the houses of those farmers whose children are not so far advanced as himself. It is expected that he should instruct them in the evenings, and enable them to prepare their lessons for the following day—a task which he always performs with pleasure, because in teaching them he is confirming his own mind in the knowledge which he has previously acquired. Towards the end of the second year, however, he ceased to circulate in this manner. Two or three of the most independent parishioners, whose sons were only commencing their studies, agreed to keep him week about; an arrangement highly convenient to him, as by that means he was not so frequently dragged, as he had been, to the remotest parts of the parish. Being an expert penman, he acted also as secretary of grievances to the poor, who frequently employed him to draw up petitions to obdurate landlords, or to their more obdurate agents, and letters to soldiers in all parts of the world, from their anxious and affectionate relations. All these little services he performed kindly and promptly; many a blessing was fervently invoked upon his head; the 'good word' and 'the prayer' were all they could afford, as they said, 'to the *bouchal dhas oge*'* that tuck the world an' him for sake o' the larin', an' that hasn't the kindness o' the mother's breath an' the mother's hand near him, the crathur.*

About the middle of the third year he was once more thrown upon the general hospitality of the people. The three farmers with whom he had lived for the preceding six months, emigrated to America, as did many others of that class which, in this country, most nearly approximates to the substantial yeomanry of England. The little purse, too, which he had placed

in the hands of the kind priest, was exhausted; a season of famine, sickness, and general distress, had set in; and the master, on understanding that he was without money, became diabolically savage. In short, the boy's difficulties increased to a perplexing degree. Even Thady and his grown companions, who usually interposed in his behalf when the master became excessive in correcting him, had left the school, and now the prospect before him was dark and cheerless indeed. For a few months longer, however, he struggled on, meeting every difficulty with meek endurance. Since his very boyhood he had revered the sanctions of religion, and was actuated by a strong devotional spirit. He trusted in God, and worshipped him night and morning with a sincere heart.

At this crisis he was certainly an object of pity; his clothes, which for some time before were reduced to tatters, he had replaced by a cast-off coat and small-clothes, a present from his friend the curate, who never abandoned him. This worthy young man could not afford him money, for as he had but fifty pounds a-year, with which to clothe, subsist himself, keep a horse, and pay rent, it was hardly to be expected that his benevolence could be extensive. In addition to this, famine and contagious disease raged with formidable violence in the parish; so that the claims upon his bounty of hundreds who lay huddled together in cold cabins, in out-houses, and even behind ditches, were incessant as well as heart-rending. The number of interments that took place daily in the parish was awful; nothing could be seen but funerals attended by groups of ragged and emaciated creatures, from whose hollow eyes gleamed forth the wolfish fire of famine. The wretched mendicants were countless, and the number of coffins that lay on the public roads—where, attended by the nearest relatives of the deceased, they had been placed for the purpose of procuring charity—were greater than ever had been remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the state of the parish when our poor scholar complained one day in school of severe illness. The early symptoms of the prevailing epidemic were well known, and, on examining more closely into his situation, it was clear, that, according to the phraseology of the people, he had 'got the fever on his back'—had caught 'a heavy load of the fever.' The Irish are particularly apprehensive of contagious maladies. The moment it had been discovered that Jemmy was infected, his schoolfellows avoided him with a feeling of terror scarcely credible, and the inhuman master was delighted at any circumstance, however calamitous, that might afford him a pretext for driving the friendless youth out of the school. 'Take,' said he, 'every thing belongin' to you out of my establishment: you were always a plague to me, but now more than ever. Be quick, sarra, and noddicate for yourself somewhere else. Do you want to thranslate my siminary into an hospital, and myself into Lazarus, as president? Go off, you wild goose, and conjugate *egrotos* wherever you find a convenient spot to do it in.'

The poor boy silently, and with difficulty, arose, collected his books, and slinging on his satchel, looked to his schoolfellows, as if he had said, 'which of you will afford me a place where to lay my aching head?' Al! however, kept aloof from him;—he had caught the contagion, and the contagion, they knew, had swept the people away in vast numbers.

At length he spoke: 'Is there any boy among you,' he inquired, 'who will bring me home? You know I am a stranger, an' far from my own, God help me!'

This was followed by a profound silence. Not one of those who had so often befriended him, or who would, on any other occasion, share their bed and their last morsel with him, would even touch his person, much less allow him, when thus plague-stricken, to take shelter under their roof. Such are the effects of selfishness, when it is opposed only by the force of those natural qualities that are not elevated into a sense of duty by clear and profound views of Christian truth. It is one thing to perform a kind action from constitutional impulse, and another to perform it as a fixed duty, perhaps contrary to that impulse.

Jemmy, on finding himself avoided like a Hebrew leper of old, silently left the school, and walked on without knowing whither he should ultimately direct his steps. He thought of his friend the priest, but the distance between him and his place of abode was greater, he felt, than his illness would permit him to travel. He walked on, therefore, in such a state of misery and dereliction as can scarcely be conceived, much less described. His head ached excessively, an intense pain shot like death-pangs through his lower back and loins, his face was flushed, and his head giddy. In this state he proceeded, without money or friends, without a house to shelter him, a bed on which to lie, far from his own relations, and with the prospect of death, under circumstances peculiarly dreadful, before him! He tottered on, however, the earth, as he imagined, reeling under him; the heavens, he thought, streaming with fire, and the earth indistinct and discoloured. Home, the paradise of the absent—home, the heaven of the affections—with all its tenderness and blessed sympathies, rushed upon his heart. His father's deep but quiet kindness, his mother's sedulous love; his brothers—all that they had been to him—these, with their thousand heart-stirring associations, started into life before him again and again. But he was now ill, and the mother—ah! the enduring sense

of that mother's love placed her brightest, and strongest, and tenderest, in the far and distant group which his imagination bodied forth.

'Mother!' he exclaimed, 'oh, mother, why—why did I ever leave you? Mother! the son you loved is dyin' without a kind word—lonely and neglected in a strange land! Oh, my own mother! why did I ever leave you?'

The conflict between his illness and his affections overcame him: he staggered—he grasped as if for assistance at the vacant air—he fell, and lay for some time in a state of insensibility.

The season was then that of midsummer, and early meadows were falling before the scythe. As the boy sank to the earth, a few labourers were eating their scanty dinner of bread and milk so near him, that only a dry low ditch ran between him and them. They had heard his words indistinctly, and one of them was putting the milk-bottle to his lips, when, attracted by the voice, he looked in the direction of the speaker, and saw him fall. They immediately recognised 'the poor scholar,' and in a moment were attempting to recover him.

'Why thin, my poor fellow, what's a *shaughran* wid you?'

Jemmy stared for a moment about him, and asked, 'Where am I?'

'Faith, thin you're in Rory Connor's field, widin a few perches of the high road. But what ails you, poor boy?—is it sick you are?'

'It is,' he replied; 'I have got the fever. I had to leave school; none o' them would take me home, an' I doubt I must die in a Christian country, under the open canopy of heaven. Oh, for God's sake, don't leave me! Bring me to some hospital, or into the next town, where people may know that I'm sick, an' maybe some kind Christian will relieve me!'

The moment he mentioned 'Fever,' the men involuntarily drew back, after having laid him reclining against the green ditch.

'Thin, thunder an' turf, what's to be done?' exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. 'Is the poor boy to die widout help among Christyeens like uz?'

The story of the poor scholar's sufferings need be pursued no farther. He excited the compassion of some kind-hearted individuals, who took care of him till he recovered. He returned to Munster, and by means of his early friend, the curate, the story of his father's wrongs, and his own virtuous endeavours to procure education so as to enable him to rescue his parents from poverty, were made known to Colonel B—, the proprietor of the estate on which he was born. Old Dominick M'Evoy, his father, was restored to his farm. Jemmy also was made happy in being sent at the colonel's expense, first to a boarding-school, and next to college, where he completed his education.

After a lapse of years, he resolved on returning to his native home, to see his parents. He travelled slowly, and, as every well-known hill or lake appeared to him, his heart beat quickly, his memory gave up its early stores, and his affections prepared themselves for the trial that was before them.

'It is better for me not to arrive,' thought he, 'until the family shall have returned from their daily labour, and are collected about the hearth.'

In the meantime, many an impression of profound and fervid pity came over him, when he reflected upon the incontrovertible proofs of providential protection and interference, which had been, during his absence from home, under his struggles, and in his good fortune, so clearly laid before him. 'Deep,' he exclaimed, 'is the gratitude I owe to God for this; may I never forget to acknowledge it!'

It was now about seven o'clock; the evening was calm, and the sun shone with that clear amber light which gives warmth, and the power of exciting tenderness, to natural scenery. He had already gained the ascent which commanded a view of the rich sweep of country that reposed below. There it lay—his native home—his native parish—bathed in the light and glory of the hour. Its fields were green—its rivers shining like loosened silver—its meadows already studded with hay-cocks, its green pastures covered with sheep, and its unruffled lakes reflecting the hills under which they lay. Here and there a gentleman's residence rose among the distant trees, and well did he recognise the church spire that cut into the western sky on his right. It is true, nothing of the grandeur and magnificence of nature was there; every thing was simple in its beauty. The quiet charm, the serene light, the air of happiness and peace that reposed upon all he saw, stirred up a thousand tender feelings in a heart whose gentle character resembled that of the prospect which it felt so exquisitely. The smoke of a few farm-houses and cottages rose in blue graceful columns to the air, giving just that appearance of life which was necessary; and a figure or two, with lengthened shadows, moved across the fields and meadows a little below where he stood.

But our readers need not be told that there was one spot which, beyond all others, rivetted his attention. On that spot his eager eye rested long and intensely. The spell of its remembrance had clung to his early heart! he had never seen it in his dreams without weeping; and often had the agitation of his imaginary sorrow awoke him with his eye-lashes steeped in tears. He looked down on it steadily. At length he was moved with a strong sensation like grief: he sobbed

* The pretty young boy. Boy in Ireland does not always imply youth.

twice or thrice, and the tears rolled in showers from his eyes. His gathering affections were relieved by this; he felt lighter, and in the same slow manner rode onward to his father's house.

To this there were two modes of access; one by a paved bridle-way, or *boreen*, that ran up directly before the door—the other by a green lane, that diverged from the *boreen* about a furlong below the house. He took the latter, certain that the family could not notice his approach, nor hear the noise of his horse's footsteps, until he could arrive at the very threshold.

On dismounting, he felt that he could scarcely walk. He approached the door, however, as steadily as he could. He entered—and the family, who had just finished their supper, rose up, as a mark of their respect to the stranger.

"Is this," he inquired, "the house in which Dominick McEvoy lives?"

"That's my name, Sir," replied Dominick.

"The family, I trust, are all—well? I have been desired—but no—no—I cannot—I cannot—FATHER!—MOTHER!"

"It's him!" shrieked the mother—"It's himself!—Jemmy!"

"Jemmy! Jemmy!" shouted the father, with a cry of joy which might be heard far beyond the house.

"Jemmy!—our poor Jemmy!—Jemmy!" exclaimed his brothers and sister.

"Asy, childre," said the father—"asy; let the mother to him—let her to him. Who has the right that she has? Vara, as thore—Vara, think of yourself. God of heaven! what is comin' over her?—Her brain's turned!"

"Father, don't remove her," said the son. "Leave her arms where they are: it's long since they encircled my neck before. Often—often would I have given the wealth of the universe to be encircled in my blessed and beloved mother's arms! Yes, yes!—Weep, my father—weep, each of you. You see those tears;—consider them as a proof that I have never forgotten you! Beloved mother; recollect yourself: she knows me!—her eyes wander!—I fear the shock has been too much for her. Place a chair at the door, and I will bring her to the air."

After considerable effort, the mother's faculties were restored so far as to be merely conscious that our hero was her son. She had not yet shed a tear, but now she surveyed his countenance, smiled, and named him, placed her hands upon him, and examined his dress with a singular blending of conflicting emotions, but still without being thoroughly collected.

She smiled—but only for a moment. She looked at him, laid his head upon her bosom, bedewed his face with her tears, and muttered out, in a kind of sweet, musical cadence, the Irish cry of joy.

We are incapable of describing this scene further. Our readers must be contented to know, that the delight and happiness of our hero's whole family were complete. Their son, after many years of toil and struggle, had at length succeeded, by a virtuous course of action, in raising them from poverty to comfort, and in effecting his own object, which was, to become a member of the priesthood. During all his trials he never failed to rely on God; and it is seldom that those who rely upon Him, when striving to attain a laudable purpose, are ever ultimately disappointed.

We regret to inform our readers that the poor scholar is dead! He did not, in fact, long survive the accomplishment of his wishes. But as we had the particulars of his story from his nearest friends, we thought his virtues of too exalted a nature to pass into oblivion without some record, however humble. He died as he had lived—the friend of God and of man."

TIBBY AND THE MINISTER.

The late venerated Dr C., of Cupar, was in the habit of taking his evening walk on the high-road in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. During one of these stated excursions, he had occasion to meet several people returning from Ceres market, whose conversation and step indicated that Ceres and Bacchus had not been separated. Amongst the rest, a well-known, canty little body, of the name of "Tibby Brown," hove in sight, manifestly after having made, as was sometimes Tibby's practice, a little too free with a certain little stoup, which contains a gill. Tibby was a character, and though somewhat addicted to a glass at odd times, was a well-doing body upon the whole, kept a clean well-swept house, a sonsy eat, and a cheerful tongue in her head, what time the minister paid her a visit. Tibby, however, had that day disposed of some sale yarn, and had tithed the price to the amount of a cheerful glass with the merchant who purchased it. Tibby was close upon her pastor, ere she perceived him, and finding it impossible to retreat, did what most people would have done in her circumstances; she put the best face on it possible—brought up her leeway—steadied her pace to a miracle—cocked her head—and, from her very anxiety to disguise her unsteadiness, immediately tripped, stumbled, and all but came in contact with the person of her pastor. Dr C. saw Tibby's situation, and knew her general character as well as her foible; so, continuing that benignity of countenance which was natural to him, he proceeded to rally Tibby in the following terms:—"Hout, tout, Tibby, woman, ye're reeling, I see." Tibby heard the assertion, and being more accustomed to the professional than to the English sense of the term, incontinently and gaily rejoined, "Weel minister, ye ken a body canna aye be spinning."

POOR PEOPLE AND RICH PEOPLE.

Poor people often imagine that rich people are necessarily happy; but this is a great mistake. Happiness is a temperament of the mind independent of the mere possession of wealth. When a labourer on the road-side, who, perhaps, toils ten hours a-day for a shilling, sees a carriage roll past in which a genteel middle-aged man is reclining, apparently at his ease, he probably says to himself, "how lucky that man is! how happy must he be in enjoying such luxuries! I wish I were as well off as he." Now, if the labouring man reasoned in this manner, he would most likely make some serious miscalculations as to the exact amount of happiness enjoyed by the gentleman whom he envied. He would not reflect upon the circumstance that the acquisition of every new object of wealth and luxurious indulgence brings with it a new care—something disagreeable, which was not previously calculated upon—and that this, in every instance, forms a considerable discount off the supposed amount of happiness. If we were to inquire into the condition of the gentleman in the carriage, and find that he was a landowner by inheritance, a person standing in the highest class of society in the district, we would not on that account perceive that he has nothing troublesome to reflect upon. He is, in all likelihood, involved, whether it be his inclination or otherwise, in the conflict of political partisanship in the county representation, and at last election was hissed at the hustings; he is vexed about one of his chief tenants becoming bankrupt just before his half-yearly rent was due; he now finds his income too small to support the expenditure of his wife and family; he has just received a letter from his law agent in town, mentioning that the bond of L.3500 granted last year must be taken up before Candlemas, and that "money was never so difficult to be had as at present;" he has also been a good deal bothered with his son-in-law's affairs, and been dragged into a litigation regarding the salmon fishings on the river; and, worse than all, there has taken place a change of Ministry, who have promised a "revision of the corn laws"—in other words, he is about to become a ruined man. These and many other causes of vexation to landowner do not occur to the mind of the labouring man, when he envies him his apparently happy condition.

Let us suppose, on the other hand, that the gentleman in the carriage is not a proprietor of lands, but lives, as it is called, on the interest of his money. An individual in these circumstances is rarely a happy man; that is to say, unless he possess the principle of contentment, or an easy mind; for, in most cases, he has much greater concern in disposing of his funds to the best advantage, than the poor man has in labouring for his bread. The monied man is in a continual fret regarding the security of his property. If he lay out his capital on houses, the gathering of his rents affords an inconceivable degree of annoyance. "Never was there a poor wretch so plundered as I am," will he sometimes say to a friend; "there I have sunk L.2000 on a property that hardly produces a rent, on an average, fit to pay for the repairs and the feu-duty. Two years ago, I let it to a Captain Cormorant and his family, who removed, nobody knows where, the night before term-day, and so never paid a sixpence of rent. Last year, I allowed it to stand empty rather than let it to tenants of whose appearance I was not very fond; and this year, after laying out L.15 on repairing the roof, and mending the windows, and other L.3, 11s. on painting the dining-room and lobby, I have actually let it for two-thirds of the former rent; which, after all, I am not very certain of getting. Besides, I am beginning to discover that the street in which this unfortunate property is situated is fast losing its respectable character, and there is no saying if in a year or two the premises will let for any rent at all." Such are some of the groans of the landlords of house properties, and from which those in humbler circumstances are altogether exempted.

If the wealthy man has his resources depending on the interest of money deposited with a bank, his case is sometimes not less miserable. All that he receives is subject to constant diminution, and he cannot live upon it in the liberal way his feelings point out, or, what is fully as bad, in the style of his neighbours, and as is expected of him. If his capital be laid out in the Funds, though the interest be good, and the security excellent, yet he is perpetually liable to alarms: he shivers every time he hears of a riot at Macclesfield, or a rencontre betwixt the military and the populace at Tadragee—or a place with some such name,

in Ireland—lest a national convulsion and bankruptcy should ensue. If the money be lent to any one in business, his troubles are still more distressing; for every time the post brings him letters, he has a dread of hearing intelligence of his friend's bankruptcy, accompanied, of course, with the rumour that "the stock" will not, when sold, pay more than two shillings and ninepence halfpenny in the pound.

But the grand source of disquietude to monied men is generally found to be their families. If they escape from the struggle of business with L.30,000, and two sons and a daughter, they do not by any means retire to a state of perfect felicity. It is, on the contrary, more than probable, that, from the day they depart from their ancient place of trade, and enter their elegant new mansion, "where they expect to live happy all their days," they at once bid farewell to every thing like comfort, and commence an existence of genuine misery, which is only terminated when death kindly interposes to close the scene. It is wonderful how knowing the sons of a wealthy man are regarding their father's affairs, and how considerate they are in helping him to spend the savings of his industry. A poor man with a family seldom finds any of his sons inclined to loiter away their time in idleness; each appears more anxious than another to go out into the world to exercise the faculties with which he has been endowed for his independent subsistence. But the sons of the rich have generally a different way of thinking. They lean upon their parent's resources in all possible ways, and imagine that all they can get is quite little enough. Whether they be put into business, or into the army, or be bred to the law or medicine, or any other genteel profession, or no profession whatsoever, their cry is uniformly the same. Nothing but demands for money! money! is heard by the old man, day after day, and year after year. It is of no use for him to say that he will give them up; for they take care to grant bills and promissory notes, which he must liquidate, or see them all furnished with ignominious lodgings in the county jail. As for his daughter Maria, she becomes, at her first entrance into life, an object of heartless calculation to half the young men about town, and, ten to one, is either married to a bare youth, who requires to be supported by her father all the rest of his days, or to a less indigent person, who does not give her the honour of a slave. Even after he has got her fairly off, he labours under the fear of her coming back upon him, with a family of three girls and a boy—the youngest just cutting its first teeth—all delicate ailing children, affected with measles and whooping-cough, and so requiring nurses, doctors, and drugs without end.

It must not be supposed that the wealthy who have no families are much better off as to the amount of their happiness. No rich man can be happy who is without some one, either nearly related to him, or bound to him by ties of affection, to whom he may bequeath his wealth with the expectation that it will not be squandered foolishly. Rich men without families are, therefore, apt to be peevish, and their feelings are not improved by having a shrewd guess that their death is longed for by some distant relations. Such persons are also objects against whom all kinds of subscription papers are regularly levelled. When an operative distiller or brewer has fallen into, and been boiled in one of his own coppers—when a house-mason has fallen from a scaffold, and fractured his skull—or when a neighbouring farm-servant has been torn in pieces by a thrashing-mill—and in whichever case, a widow and a numerous family of children being to be provided for, or set up in business with a mangle, then a large subscription is expected from them; and so frequently are they thus called upon for contributions, that they at length begin to believe that mankind have entered into a conspiracy to ruin them.

Besides these sources of irritation to the minds of many of the rich, there is yet another, which is the cause of unceasing discontent. This is idleness. To have nothing to do, is a dreadful evil, and ten times worse to bear than hard labour. It is so grievous that many individuals so situated fall into very bad habits, and frequently commit extravagances which they would not do were their minds in a healthy state of action. Idleness is also productive of bodily diseases; and these, whether real or imaginary, are not borne without repining. The very circumstance of having no appetite is in itself frequently a subject of bitter lamentation to the rich and the indolent, and of this the poor man generally knows nothing. But why pursue this catalogue of miseries endured by the

wealthy? for they might be lengthened out to any extent, and yet not be half exhausted. Let us therefore try to impress it indelibly upon the minds of the humbler classes of society, that happiness is distributed, with the most astonishing impartiality, in even measure, over the whole human race. Its amount would certainly increase in proportion to the wealth and the rank of the individual, were it not that, as we have already said, every new acquisition brings with it a new care, not formerly taken into account, and which, therefore, forms an immense discount off the anticipated aggregate sum of pleasure. Cares, it has been said, are our comforts; and every class possesses its own peculiar vexations. It is invariably felt, that, no sooner is one cause of disquietude mastered, than another rises up in its place; and when it, in its turn, is put down, yet, another, and another, come up before us. These cares haunt every human being more or less through all the stages of life; and so ceaseless are they in their iteration, and varied in their character, that when they are not of a substantial, they are of a visionary nature; and it is generally found that the latter are as little endurable as the former.

The moral to be drawn from such a picture of human disquietude is, that the poor man should not, in any case, be envious of the condition of the rich, or discontented with the lot into which he has been cast. Nevertheless, we would not that he sat down in stupid indifference, or was regardless of all feasible and honourable means of rising to better circumstances. The consciousness of rising in the world through industry, and the force of genius and virtue, yields in itself great comparative happiness, and the possession of wealth so acquired affords innumerable opportunities of doing good, and exercising some of the best principles of our nature. Yet, true unmingled happiness is certainly not attainable in this lower world; and, to be found, it must be sought for in another and better state of existence. While, therefore, prompting the poor man to seize upon every opportunity of acquiring, in an honest manner, opulence and distinction, we may remind him of the penalties under which both are secured. In the language of John Bunyan, he will recollect, with thankfulness, that

"He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

THE ISLE OF MAN.

THERE are few persons who do not love to visit islands, whether they be situated in the ocean or in fresh water lakes. We are accustomed to associate romantic and pleasing ideas with accounts of islands; we, perhaps, recall to remembrance the days of "youth's young dream," when we wished to become each a Robinson Crusoe, and have a nice little island all to ourselves; or we imagine that in these isolated territories there is no molestation from the busy world without, and that in such places there must, as a matter of course, be a perpetual holiday. In short, islands, be they large or small, even when no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, and placed in the centre of a mill-pond, are objects of interest.

In a recent number of the Journal, we presented our readers with an account of the Island of Guernsey, a place where living is at once pleasant and cheap, and where taxes are unknown. But Guernsey, agreeable though it be as a place of residence for those of limited incomes, is rivalled in a great measure by the Isle of Man, which is commodiously situated in the Irish Sea, and almost equi-distant from the three united portions of the British empire, and their respective sea-ports, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. This central insular position, now the chief cause of its rapidly-increasing population and opulence, was, in former times, productive only of mischief and ruin to the inhabitants, rendering it a sort of "debateable land," or rather common battle-field, betwixt the three hostile nations, besides exposing it to the frequent ravages of the predatory bands of Norsemen, in their periodical descents on the British Isles and their dependencies. From the nature of its relative situation towards the three kingdoms, originate, as few perhaps of our readers are aware, its somewhat peculiar arms—"three legs of man," and motto, "*statibi quoque jeceras*." The latter, however, is more fanciful than true; the tripod figure of the arms, if facts are at all to be considered in the matter, more correctly typifying its uncertain dependence than its strength or stability. The origin of the title of "Man," it would be as profitless as misplaced here to attempt to elucidate, although, as usual, antiquaries have exhausted at once their own fancy and others' patience in the interesting research. Neither will we pause to sketch the early traditional history of the island, which has been attempted to be traced back even into the fourth century. Suffice it to say, that,

after alternate subjection to the English, Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavian monarchs, and various private adventurers, it was, for the first time, formally ceded to Scotland, along with the other Western Islands, by Magnus, King of Norway, according to a yet existing treaty, signed at Perth in 1266. From the continual strife, however, which was kept up between England and Scotland, nearly as many changes in the sovereignty of Man occurred after as before the above period; until, in 1403, upon the attainiture of Percy Earl of Northumberland, for high treason against Henry the Fourth (who had previously bestowed the island upon that wayward nobleman), it was permanently forfeited, and given, with the patronage of the bishopric, &c., to William Stanley, first Earl of Derby, and his heirs for ever, upon the feudal tenure of presenting the King with a pair of falcons at his coronation. From this period downwards, the islanders have enjoyed comparative quiet, the royalties and revenues descending almost uninterruptedly from ancestor to heir in the same family (the family of Atholl, the present possessors, being descended from a minor branch of the house of Derby, and their progenitor, the second Duke of Atholl, acquiring the regality of Man, by regular inheritance, in 1735); for, although wrested from them by the Parliamentary forces of Cromwell—the narrative of which forms the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*—it was restored to them by Charles the Second. In the year 1765, the sovereignty was revested in the King of England, the Duke and Duchess of Atholl receiving £70,000 sterling, as a *solutum* for this deprivation of their royal attributes. They afterwards got a further grant of £20,000 during their lives; and in 1781, upon the presentation of a petition from the late Duke, claiming the exercise of certain old feudal rights and powers, it was determined by Parliament, that instead of, as theretofore, receiving a fourth (about £3000) of the revenues of Man, he should thereafter receive an equal sum out of the consolidated fund. This was a wise measure, enabling government more effectually to check the pernicious traffic of smuggling, which was then carried on to an extent no less alarming in a financial than a moral point of view, and which was (and is even to this day) fostered by the trifling impost on, or total exemption from, the taxes laid upon many important articles of foreign produce throughout the rest of the British dominions. The beneficial consequences of the above step, to the Manksmen themselves (although, at first, loudly grumbled at), have been most palpable; their attention being thenceforward directed to the internal cultivation and improvement of the island, which had previously been entirely neglected. The population has rapidly increased, having almost doubled itself since the above period, and now consisting of nearly 50,000 individuals. Nor has the number of the islanders advanced half so strikingly as their character and habits have improved. Instead of an isolated horde of dissolute smugglers and lazy fishermen, Man has now become conspicuous, equally as the resort of fashion and wealth, and the seat of commercial and agricultural enterprise.

Man is fully thirty miles long, and twelve, at its widest, in breadth. The superficial extent is estimated at 130,000 acres, fully two-thirds of which are cultivated, the rest being barren heath or rock. A continuous ridge of mountains runs through the centre of the island, in a transverse direction, belonging chiefly to the Duke of Atholl, although the natives have a right of common to them in grazing their small mountain sheep. The soil is in general light, with a substratum of clay. The rents vary from 5s. to £3 per statute acre, the measure universally in use. The gross rental of the island is calculated at between £75,000 and £80,000 sterling, the price of agricultural produce being chiefly regulated by the Liverpool markets. The usual time of entering on a farm is the 12th of November, and the rent is paid half-yearly. There is no coal wrought on the island, although it has been pretty well ascertained to exist there; and the sole fuel used by the peasantry is turf, or peat. The chief mineral wealth of the island consists in lead and copper ore (of which there are several mines), the former, especially at the mines of Laxey, being very rich in silver, a ton of it yielding 100 ounces of the latter metal. All mines belong by prerogative to the lord of the soil, who lets them out to adventurous speculators, claiming as his own share one-eighth of the produce.

Next to agriculture, the principal source of emolument and subsistence is the herring fishery. This trade, however, which, with the contraband traffic, constituted, at one time, nearly the sole occupation of the islanders, has of late years materially decreased, owing to the gradual disappearance of the herring-shoals from the coast; a circumstance at which Mr McCulloch, in his *Commercial Dictionary*, professes no small satisfaction, as he considers such an occupation utterly incompatible with the internal improvement and prosperity of the island. We humbly confess our incapacity to comprehend the sagacity of this sage opinion. Of the native piscatorial pursuits of the Manksmen, there can, perhaps, be no stronger, and, at the same time, more curious illustration, than in the terms of the oath administered to the two *deemsters*, or judges, of the north and south districts of the island, who are sworn "*to execute the laws betwixt man and man as indifferently as the herring's back-*

bone doth lie in the midst of the fish." There are several thriving manufactories in the island, especially of linens, which have been long celebrated for their texture and durability.

The principal towns in Man are, Castletown (the capital) on the S.E., Douglas on the E., Ramsey on the N.E., and Peel on the W., parts of the island. These are all excellent sea-ports. Although nominally the capital, and actually the seat of government, Castletown is far inferior in importance to Douglas; to the latter, strangely enough, being restricted the importation of wines, spirits, and colonial produce, and, consequently, the principal proportion of the commerce of the island. Owing not a little to this circumstance, perhaps, but chiefly to its delightful and healthy situation, the general cheapness of every luxury as well as necessary of life, together with the expedition and convenience of communication with all parts of the three kingdoms, and other accessory recommendations, Douglas is every year increasing in size, wealth, and respectability, and becoming more and more the residence of beauty and fashion. As may be imagined, its *economical*, in addition to its other attractions, render it a most eligible resort for slender annuitants, and disbanded officers whose hopes of glory and promotion were all cut down with the French at Waterloo, and who seek to while away the "piping time of peace" in the enjoyment of the *maximum* of comfort at the *minimum* of expense. As a writer in a late periodical observes, Man is, indeed, "the Paradise of half-pay;" but it must by no means be imagined that those we have named form the staple of the human importations into Douglas. Its numerous excellent inns, public libraries, newspaper and billiard rooms, dancing and card assemblies, its frequent aquatic and overland parties, &c. &c., all betoken, unequivocally, the presence of many substantial fortunes upon the island.

There is a beautiful stone pier at Douglas, which was erected about thirty years ago, at an expense of £22,000. About a mile northward of the town, and close to the Strand, stands Castle Mona, the princely mansion of the Duke of Atholl, governor-in-chief and captain-general of the island. Douglas is one of the most admirable bathing places in Britain, from the purity of the water and the goodness of the sands. The population, at the present time, cannot be less than from 10,000 to 12,000. The market is held on Saturday, and is well supplied with provisions of all kinds; fish, of course, always cheap and abundant. The island possesses a native newspaper press.

The government of Man is vested in a governor and captain-general, under the Crown; or, in his absence, in a lieutenant-governor, assisted occasionally by a council of seven officials, and the two *deemsters*, or judges of the two districts (consisting of six shreadings or counties, with their respective coroners or sheriffs) into which the island is divided. The internal policy is regulated by an assembly, termed the *House of Keys*, consisting of 24 land proprietors, who are convened as the representatives of the people, although not elected by them. These two branches, the Governor in Council and the Keys, constitute the legislature, whose laws, after receiving the sanction of the King, become statutory. Appeals may be made from either of the two courts to the King in Council. The *deemsters* decide in all suits where the sum pursued exceeds forty shillings. No man can leave the island without a pass, which costs ninepence; and debtors about to take French leave may be arrested, by a warrant of the water-bailiff, upon affidavit made before him to that effect by the creditor.

The Manks are in general a stout, well-shaped, civil, and very idle race. The equable nature of the climate, which is much more temperate than that of the surrounding countries, is extremely favourable to health. Their established religion is the Episcopal, the head of their hierarchy being the Bishop of Sodor and Man; but there are sects of almost every existing creed interspersed throughout the island, which is divided into seventeen parishes, vernacularly denominated *kirks*. As is the case in all fishing and other isolated sea-port communities, the lower orders are extremely superstitious; nor has their dread of mermaids, and other fanciful monsters of the deep, even yet wholly yielded to the influence of modern illumination.

The Manks language combines a strange heterogeneous mixture of Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, and Scandinavian idioms. "It is a curious circumstance," observes a late writer* on this subject, "that the incorporation of Icelandic terms is said to constitute the existing difference between the Manks and Irish or Gaelic. In the Manks, however, they also write and print as they pronounce."

It may be interesting to our readers to know the existing regulations as to the importing and exporting, and duties leviable upon foreign, colonial, and British produce. We here give an abridged

Table of the Duties of Customs on a few of the chief Articles of Import into the Isle of Man:—

Coals from the United Kingdom, per chaldron, W. M.	-	-	£0 0 3
Coffee, per lb.	-	-	0 0 4
Hemp from foreign parts, for every L.100 value	-	-	0 10 0
Iron, ditto, ditto	-	-	0 10 0

* Historical Sketches of the Native Irish. By Christ. Anderson. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Hops, British, per lb.	0	0	11
Foreign Brandy or Gin, per gallon	0	4	6
Rum, from British plantations, per do.	0	3	0
Sugar, Muscovado, per cwt.	0	1	0
Tea, Bohea, per lb.	0	0	6
Ditto, Green, per lb.	0	1	0
Tobacco, per lb.	0	1	0
Wine, French, per tun of 252 gallons	0	16	0
Ditto, any other sort, per ditto of ditto	0	12	0

For a more detailed account of the custom-regulations of the Isle of Man, we refer our readers to M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary. No British distilled spirits are allowed to be imported; and, to prevent smuggling, the quantity of spirits, tea, and tobacco, allowed to crews of vessels sailing from Man to any British or Irish port, is extremely limited.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LA PEROUSE.

JOHN FRANCIS GALAUF DE LA PEROUSE, a French navigator, alike distinguished for his talents, his enterprise, and his enlarged philanthropy, but, perhaps, more remarkable for the mystery in which his fate was for nearly forty years involved, was born at Albi, in Languedoc, in the year 1741. He received his education at the Marine School, and at an early age entered into the naval service of his country. The talent and bravery for which he was afterwards so eminent, soon began to appear, and he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In 1782, when France and England were at war, we find him entrusted with the command of an expedition destined for the destruction of the English settlement at Hudson's Bay. He succeeded in his enterprise, having destroyed Fort York, and taken the English commander prisoner. When on the eve of returning home, he was informed that on his first approach a number of the English, in order to avoid falling prisoners into his hands, had fled into the woods, where, without food or shelter, they must inevitably fall victims to the rigours of a severe northern winter. His orders had been to destroy altogether the settlement; it mattered not, so that this was fulfilled to the letter, whether the enemy fell by the arms of his soldiers, or by the elements. But the duty he owed to humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and an abundant supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition, was left for the fugitives. Another trait of generosity must also be noticed. Governor Hearne, commander of Fort York, who was his prisoner, had made two expeditions to discover Copper Mine River, in the last of which he was successful. The papers relating to this expedition of course fell into the hands of the victor, but on being solicited to restore them, he at once complied with the request. These acts of disinterested benevolence and generosity were performed to enemies in the heat of a rancorous war, and, from their rare occurrence in such circumstances, they shine with greater lustre, and perhaps the more so, in an individual whose own unhappy fate must for ever excite the sympathies of mankind.

After the restoration of peace, the French government having determined upon the prosecution of a voyage of discovery, appointed La Perouse to the command of it. Two vessels, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were, accordingly, fitted out for the purpose. The first had one hundred and ten, including the commodore, and the second one hundred and thirteen men on board, comprising philosophers of various kinds, draughtsmen, engineers, and other such individuals. The expedition set sail from Brest on the 1st of August 1785, crossed the equinoctial line on the 29th September, and anchored between the island of St Catherine and the coast of Brazil on the 6th November, where they replenished themselves with provisions. From thence they proceeded to Concepcion Bay, in Chili, and took in refreshments, and refitted the ships. On the 28th of May 1786, they came in sight of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the place where our own navigator Cook was killed. Here they stopped for a few days, bartering with the natives for provisions. On the 1st of June they quitted the Sandwich Islands, and shaped their course for the north-west coast of America, which they reached towards the end of the month, and spent some days in exploring. Here they discovered a port, which was named Port des Français, where they anchored, after making a very narrow escape from shipwreck. Nothing remarkable occurred during their stay, except the loss of two boats with their whole crews, amounting to twenty-one men. With the humanity which was characteristic of him, La Perouse erected a monument, with an appropriate inscription, to the memory of his unfortunate shipmates.

He spent some time in exploring the coast of America, and, after refitting the ships at a settlement in California, he set sail for China, and anchored in Macao roads on the 3d of January 1787. In crossing the North Pacific Ocean, our navigator discovered Necker Island, so called, we presume, after the celebrated French statesman of that name, the father of Madame de Staël. After sheltering himself from the monsoon for some time at Manilla, he left that place in April 1787 for the north; and passing successively the islands of Tormosa, Quelpaert, the coasts of Corea and Japan, he sailed between Chinese Tartary and Sagaleen Island, where he landed. At length, on the 6th of September, he arrived in the harbour of St Peter and St Paul, in Kamtschatka. The Russians

treated La Perouse and his companions with great kindness, supplying them with all the necessities the place could afford; and here Viscount Lesseps, the interpreter of the commodore, quitted the expedition with dispatches for France. This individual is still, as far as we know, alive, and was of considerable use in identifying the relics which Captain Dillon brought to Europe, as having belonged to the ships of La Perouse.

On the 29th of September, our navigator left Kamtschatka, and, after traversing the "wilderness of waves" for three hundred leagues in search of land, which was said to be in a certain parallel of latitude, he proceeded towards the Navigator Islands, where a severe calamity befel the expedition. M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*, and twelve men, amongst whom was a natural philosopher, were inhumanly butchered on the island of Maouina, while on shore for a supply of water. The savages also destroyed the two long-boats, without which it was impossible to prosecute the voyage of discovery. La Perouse, therefore, determined upon proceeding to Botany Bay, where he arrived on the 26th of January 1788. New long-boats were built, supplies taken on board, dispatches connected with the expedition transmitted to France, and the commodore set sail from Botany Bay in March of the same year. For a period of thirty-eight years after this date, not the slightest trace of the course he had taken could be found, although, in 1791, two frigates were dispatched from Brest in search of him. It fell to the good fortune of an Englishman, however, after the lapse of time above mentioned, to lift the veil which so long concealed the destiny of the gallant La Perouse and his brave companions.

Captain Dillon, commander of a ship belonging to the East India Company, while on a voyage from New Zealand to Bengal, came in sight of Tucoia, one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the 13th of May 1826. Several canoes pulled off for the vessel, and amongst their crews was one Martin Bushart, an old acquaintance of the captain's. An interchange of commodities took place, and among other articles received from the natives was the silver guard of a sword. It had five ciphers upon it; but of these nothing could be inferred as to its history. On inquiry being made at Martin Bushart, he informed the captain, that, on his first arrival at Tucoia, he saw in the possession of the natives several ships' bolts, chain-plates, axes, and many other things. That these had been brought from the island of Maunicolo, where two ships had been cast away about forty years back, and where there still remained large quantities of the wreck. On Captain Dillon interrogating several other individuals, the report of Martin Bushart was confirmed; and the important fact was also elicited, that two of the crews which had belonged to the vessels had been conversed with by one of the natives of Tucoia a few years before. They were described as being old men, but, probably, still alive upon the island. From all these statements, delivered in the most simple and unsophisticated manner, Captain Dillon immediately came to the conclusion, that the ships wrecked on the above island were those under the command of the far-famed La Perouse; for the dates exactly corresponded, and no other two European ships were lost or missing at that remote period. He, therefore, at once proceeded to Maunicolo, where the ship was becalmed for some time, at the distance of eight leagues from the shore, and, running short of provisions, her commander was compelled to relinquish his laudable enterprise for the present, and return to Bengal.

The Bengal government warmly promoted the views of Captain Dillon. They fitted out for him a vessel, with which he set sail, and arrived safely at Maunicolo, after considerable delay, caused by one Dr Tytler. By the aid of Martin Bushart, and some other individuals with whom he had contracted an intimacy, Captain Dillon was enabled to gather a good deal of information respecting the ships which had been thrown away upon the island. The catastrophe happened during the night. Both ships had struck upon a coral reef. From one of them only a few individuals escaped; but it would appear that most of those belonging to the other got safe to land. With the remnants of the vessels, the survivors constructed a craft, with which all but two men put to sea, but the ill-starred bark was never heard of more. Of the two individuals left behind, one of them had died about three years before, and the other, a short while after that event, had been compelled to flee from the island, along with the tribe to which he had united himself. This was most unfortunate, but still the articles which Captain Dillon obtained from the islanders, leave not the smallest doubt of the identity of the vessels wrecked upon Maunicolo with those under the command of La Perouse.

After a fruitless search amongst some other islands for the supposed only surviving French mariner, Captain Dillon set sail for Calcutta. It is necessary to mention, however, that before quitting this part of the Pacific, he left behind a young man for the purpose of acquiring the language of the place, and ascertaining every fact relative to the loss of the vessels, and the fate of the survivors. From Calcutta, Captain Dillon proceeded first to England, and shortly afterwards to France, where he was deservedly received with much distinction.

We have already mentioned the name of Viscount

Lesseps, who left La Perouse's expedition at Kamtschatka. This nobleman carefully examined the relics brought home by the indefatigable Dillon. Among these were several articles upon which the French national emblem, the *fleur de lis*, was either stamped or carved. A piece of board on which this was carved, Lesseps said had most probably formed a part of the ornamental work of the *Boussole's* stern (the ship which La Perouse commanded), on which were the national arms of France, she being the only one of the ships bearing such an ornament. A silver sword handle was identified as being exactly similar to those worn by the officers belonging to the expedition. Several brass guns were also said by Lesseps to resemble strikingly those used on board of the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*. But the strongest link in the chain of evidence was afforded by a mill-stone. On observing this utensil, the Viscount suddenly turned to Dillon, and expressed his surprise, observing, "this is the best thing you have got; we had some of them mounted on the quarter-deck to grind our corn." It is only necessary to mention one other circumstance of presumptive evidence. On the bottom of a silver candlestick were stamped the arms of the noble French family of Collignon. An individual belonging to this family was botanist on board of the *Boussole*, and to him this utensil in all likelihood belonged, although some have contended that it belonged to M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*.

After reading the above detail of evidence, there seems to remain not a shadow of doubt but that Captain Dillon has so far explained the mystery of La Perouse's fate. But still his ultimate destiny remains in considerable obscurity. For instance, it may be asked, was he amongst the number of those who escaped from the shipwreck, and afterwards departed in the vessel which was built on the fatal shores of Maunicolo? What became of that craft? Did she founder at sea, and go down in the unfathomable depths of the Pacific? Or did her crew experience a disaster similar to that which had already overtaken them? And were they again cast away on one of the Solomon Islands, and butchered by savages, or left to die piecemeal? Or are some of them still alive there? These islands, as far as we are aware, have not been so completely explored as to entitle us to draw any thing like a satisfactory conclusion with respect to the latter part of our interrogatory.

HISTORY OF DOMESTIC THINGS.

Forks are an Italian invention, and, in the days of Queen Bess, were a perfect novelty in England. At the close of the 16th century, our ancestors, in eating, made free use of their fingers, as the Turkish noblesse at present do. They were, indeed, most indelicate at their tables, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a long wooden "voiding knife," by which he scraped the fragments from the table into a basket, called "a voider." Beaumont and Fletcher describe the thing—

"They sweep the table with a wooden dagger."

In Germany, the use of forks was long ridiculed, and some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom, "as an insult on Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." The use of the fork was ridiculed as a strange affectation for a long time in England; and it does not appear to have been in general use before the Restoration.

D'Archenholz, in his *Tableau de l'Angleterre*, asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork on the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone, without the knife; a German, by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a toothpick.

TOOTH-PICKS seem to have come in with forks, as younger brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the nice manners of the stately Venetians. This implement was anathematised as the fantastical ornament of "the complete Signor," the Italianated Englishman. One of the last actions of Charles the First, when preparing for his execution, was to give away his gold toothpick as a present or memorial to some individual on the scaffold.

COACHES, on their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation as an inordinate luxury, particularly among the ascetics of monkish Spain. The Spanish biographer of Don Juan of Austria, describing that golden age, the good old times, when they only used "carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court," notices that it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by a royal proclamation, "to such a height was this infernal vice got, which has done so much injury to Castile." In this style nearly every domestic novelty has been attacked. The injury inflicted in Castile by the introduction of coaches could only have been felt by the purveyors of carts and oxen for a morning's ride. The same circumstances occurred in this country. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party found "their occupation gone." Ladies would no longer ride on pillion behind their footmen; and judges and counsellors, from their inns, would be no longer conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, or jog on, with all their gravity, on a poor palfrey. Taylor, the water poet and man, in 1629, wrote an invective against coaches, dedicated to all grieved with "the world running on wheels." Taylor also wrote a tract,

in which is the following:—"Within our memories, our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot, gallantly attended with four score brave fellows in blue coats; which was a glory to our nation far greater than forty of these leathern timbrels. It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, for both appeared at the same time." He afterwards complains that where the gentry used formerly to keep from ten to a hundred proper serving men, they now made the best shift, and for the sake of their coach and horses, had only "a butterfly page, a trotting footman, and a stiff-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a steward, and a butler, which hath forced an army of tall fellows to the gate-houses" or prisons. This satirist of the manners of the town farther observes, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was lamed for ever, and could not on any account be seen but in a coach. As the females had been accustomed to robust exercise on foot or on horseback, they were now forced to substitute a domestic artificial exercise in their garden. He proceeds—"They use more diligence in matching their coach-horses than in the marriage of their sons and daughters." The water poet, were he now living, might have acknowledged, that if, in the changes of time, some trades disappear, other trades rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses nothing. The hands which, like Taylor's, rowed boats, came to drive coaches; these complainers on all novelties, unawares always answer themselves. Our satirist affords us a most prosperous view of the condition of "this new trade of coachmakers as the gainfullest about the town."

TOBACCO.—It was thought at the time of its introduction that the nation would be ruined by the use of tobacco. Like all novel tastes, the newly imported leaf maddened all ranks amongst us. "The money spent in smoke is unknown," says a writer of that day, who feared there were more than seven thousand houses in the trade of tobacco. James the First made an attempt to allay the extravagance, in his memorable "Counter Blast to Tobacco." His Majesty vainly endeavoured to terrify his liege children by saying that "they were making sooty kitchens in their inward hearts, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco eaters, that after their death were opened."

Were we further to carry on a speculation of this nature, we should have a copious chapter to write of the opposition to new discoveries. The illustrious name of Vesalius in the study of anatomy, who was incessantly persecuted by the public prejudices against dissection—of Harvey, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood—of Lady W. Montague, in her introduction of the practice of inoculation, and, more recently, that of vaccination—and the ridicule of the invention of gas light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance to mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned.—*Old Newspaper.*

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

The dambrod is known to be the ordinary Scotch way of expressing what in English is termed a draft-board. A Scotch lady newly come to London, and rather too familiar with her own country's modes of expression, inquired at a linendraper's shop for a table cloth, of a dambrod pattern, meaning a chequered pattern. The cockney shopman was rather amazed at such a question asked by a lady, and answered—"Why, Ma'am, we have patterns pretty broud, but none damnd broud."

DR SOUTH'S GRACE.

In Charles the Second's reign, a free table was allowed for the court chaplains. At one time, however, the king being rather in necessitous circumstances, ordered this dinner to be discontinued, but, to soften matters, honoured his clergymen with his presence at the last intended dinner. The grace used to be "God save the king, and bless the dinner;" but Dr South, who presided on this occasion, transposed the words to "God bless the king, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the king, amused at the doctor's humour, and instantly countermanded the order.

STUPIDITY OF SHEEP.

As a curious illustration of the stupidity of sheep, a person driving a flock of them through a dirty lane in Liverpool, they were met by somebody coming in the opposite direction. For a little time the whole made a stop; at length one more venturesome than the rest, made a sudden effort, and leaped over the person's head; all the rest of the sheep followed the example of the first, though it cost them considerable exertion, while, if they had made the smallest bend to the right or left, they might have got forward without trouble.

QUESTION OF DOWRY.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an English nobleman and his son were with the queen's army in Ireland, and became engaged in an action with the rebels of that country, which cost them both their lives. Their wives were within sight of the battle, and the remark it drew from the son's wife was in these words: "Observe, Madam," cried she to her mother-in-law, "that your husband fell first; therefore I am entitled to my dowry."

PERVERSION OF NAME.

Mr Salt, the African traveller, used to tell of himself, that at his birth his father meant to name him Peter, but a friend of his objected to this name, alleging that, when he went to school, he would get no other appellation but Saltpetre.

BEER V. BEAR.

The following sign was over the door of an ale-house: "TABLE BEAR SOLD HEAR." A wag made the remark, that the bear must be the person's own *bruin*.

THE PORTUGUESE.

AMONG the higher ranks, the state of society in Lisbon is generally melancholy and dull. There are no promenades as in Madrid and Paris, except the rudely paved streets; no Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, where the gay multitude meet in promiscuous assemblage, of all ranks and conditions of life, to enjoy a cheering relaxation from the labours of the week. A species of monastic severity, as we have already intimated, seems to keep all classes of the Portuguese almost constantly within their houses. We have already described the beauty of the lower orders of the Lisbon women. The women in a superior station of life, especially the young women, have generally a very pleasing look. Their features are small, and of a delicate chiselling; their complexions, exquisitely smooth, exhibit in more instances than one could be inclined to expect in such a tanning climate, a slight tinge of the carnation, and a warmth of tone that almost rivals the beautiful faces of our own country. They are seldom tall; their feet, possibly from their close confinement and sedentary habits, are very diminutive, and their hands are, for the most part, delicately shaped. It would be difficult to imagine how they spend their time within doors, were it not well known that listlessness takes no note of time. Thus one day rolls on, the exact counterpart of that which has preceded, and that which is to follow it. With all their beauty, the Portuguese women want dignity and force of character; vivacity of eye they certainly possess in an uncommon degree, but they are destitute of spiritual elevation and mental energy. As to the Lisbon men, they deserve to be called rather the menials than the lords of the creation. Their features are remarkably strong; a red nose of enormous size is no uncommon fixture on their faces. The lower classes of the Portuguese men have infinitely the advantage of the higher orders, in dignity of appearance, and manly beauty. The nobility, with of course a few exceptions, are a most contemptible race. Destitute of education, as of virtuous principles, their whole lives are devoted to profligacy and immorality of every kind. Their pride, their prejudices, their ignorance, extravagance, and fawning habits, have long since brought them into a state of degradation, from which it would be difficult, even for the most patriotic government, ever to extricate them. Though literally without revenues, they continue, by borrowing money, by places at court, by pensions and gambling, to keep up large establishments of servants, who for a part of the year are fed on rice and salt fish. These pauper aristocrats are the natural and irreconcilable enemies to every attempt at improvement in the state, as scarcely any improvement can take place until their privileges shall have been altogether destroyed. Their mould of visage, says a late traveller, is untheatrical, the eye beamless, the mien unintellectual. In fact, the only persons among the male sex worth knowing in Lisbon are the merchants, most of whom are highly enlightened men, possessed of valuable information, liberal in their ideas, and generous and cordial in their hospitalities. It is amongst these persons that all the moral worth, intellect, integrity, and industry of the country, are to be found. Go and dine at the house of a Lisbon merchant, and you will find yourself perfectly at home. But if you be destined to present yourself at the table of a Lisbon nobleman, you should learn beforehand from Mr Kinsey what you have to expect. That gentleman gives the following characteristic enumeration of the luxuries of a Lisbon aristocratic table—"A dish of yellow-looking salt fish, the worst supposable specimen of our saltings in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salt-pan, having already yielded all its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan broth, and now acquiring the accompaniment of a tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a small relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamant texture, that Carthaginian vinegar itself might fail to dissolve; with offensive vegetables, and a something in a round shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese, but more like the unyielding rock of flint in the tenacity of its impenetrable substance; a small quantity of very poor wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brazils, in the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry!" Heaven preserve us from the honour of dining with a Portuguese *fidalg*! The city of Oporto is in appearance almost English for its cleanliness and business-like bustle. In Portuguese houses generally, the kitchen is at the top of the house, so that the expression is, instead of "serve the dinner up," "bring the dinner down."—*From the Ladies' Cabinet for October.*

POETRY.

THREE small volumes of poetry have just issued from the Scottish press. The first, by many degrees, in importance, is entitled "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell," the gentleman of whose genius we lately borrowed the exquisitely beautiful specimen, entitled "Jeannie Morrison," and whom, if he were not engaged in the arduous duty of editing a three-a-week newspaper (the Glasgow Courier), we might soon expect to reach a very high rank as a cultivator of the belles lettres in Scotland. Mr Motherwell's volume contains much poetry of a decidedly original stamp, and which must soon press its way into general notice. The remaining two volumes are entitled "The Desert Lady, by P. Knorr," and "The Wandering Bard, and other Poems," which last we understand to be the composition of a Mr Ord. Both of these fairy-looking little tomes appear to us to give the promise of good fruits in their juvenile authors; and from the latter of them we take the liberty of extracting what we consider a very pleasing poem:—

THE WINDS.

Harp on, ye winds! in glad content,
Your hymns on every instrument
Of rock, and mount, and cave;
The trees their joyful notes will bring,
Each flower, each blade of grass, will sing
Your measures, glad or grave.

And not to me alone the songs
That to your minstrelsy belong,
Of joys that never cease;
The lonely spring, the quiet stream,
The lake low murmuring as in dream,
Have heard your hymns of Peace.

The nightingale, in sweetest note,
To you her lone complaint hath brought,
To you each bird hath sung;
The weed-clad tower of ancient time,
The church-bell's solitary chime,
Have join'd your banner'd throng.

Who, who may tell whence ye arise?
In what far region of the skies?
In what high forest tree?
Ye come as rushing hosts of war,
As loosed'd cataracts heard afar,
As thunders of the sea.

Or fanning round the wild bird's wing,
Or by the moon's cold pathways sing
Along the milky way;
Where ruin mocks the morning sky,
Or through the love-cave and arches high,
Ye woo the love-worn day.

And whence that influence, dark and dim,
That wakes the soul's Æolian hymn
To measures glad and gay?
That breathes unto the midnight hour
Such spell of mystery and power,
And holds monarchic sway?

That makes the Poet weep and sigh,
That gathers tears in Beauty's eye,
And dreams around its head;
That, breathed in sounds of awe and fear,
Doth sing unto the cradle lover's ear,
Old songs of maiden dead?

That treadeth where no foot can go,
That murmurs where no fount can flow,
Where no proud pennant streams;
That to the stars and to the moon
Doth ever sing a slumbering tune—
The very Queen of Dreams?

For ever breathed your hymns of love!
Ye called the laurel-seeking dove
Out from the foundering ark;
Ye came to Ruth among the corn,
Singing of distant lands forlorn
Beyond the waters dark.

Ye waved the rushes o'er the brow
Of Moses, when the lady saw
God's chosen nod his head;
Ye caught the stir of Jordan's sea,
To Israel's king ye sang in glee
Ere Absalom was dead.

Ye speak to us of human life!
One hour of calm, one hour of strife,
Now bright, now dark your form!
At morn ye sing to tree and flower,
The evening bears your tread of power,
And trembles in the storm.

Ye speak of human life! Ye go,
We know not where—ye have a flow
Wildier than ocean wave;
Heaven scarce can hold ye, and the bound
Of earth knows not your various sound
More than the secret grave.

Ye speak of human life! now high,
Like thunder-clouds, ye brave the sky
Now sleep ye by the streams;
Ye are like earthquakes roaring wild,
And then make music, as a child
That singeth in its dreams.

Away, my fancies! even now
I feel no more upon my brow
The mountain-breezes fall:
The stars are out, and I must go
Down to my quiet home below,
Among the poplars tall.

And I, whilst dreaming in my bed,
Will list your dinges o'er my head,
And think ye sing to me,
And dream that I have wings like you,
To fan the locks on heaven's clear brow,
And roll unchain'd and free.

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